Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

our own people. Such art might show itself clever, learned, skilful; we would give very little for it. If we thought that bringing over even the works of such masters as Luys, Gérome, Tissot, Millais, Rossetti, would tend to that result, we would fight against them with all our might. For we value nationality, individuality most highly, and don't believe in any literature or art largely abstracted from these notions. We believe Homer, Dante, Chaucer, Shakspeare, Milton, are greater, not less, because their verse smacks strongly of Greece, Italy, and England. We like Dürer's Teutonism, Van Eyck's Netherlandishness, Angelico's, Giotto's, Orcagna's, Titian's, Italian flavor. And so in our own dear land we like best the men who paint America, and American men and women; we like the homely fields, the native hills, red shirts, plain ways, refinement not borrowed from abroad—the men who give us these, as they are, we count our best men; we will forgive much in their work for the savor of that salt.

Therefore, if we thought this element put in jeopardy by the introduction of foreign pictures, we would say so, and act on our belief to the extent of our ability. But we recognize only a stimulating, healthy influence. The pictures painted to-day are more national by far, more individual, more of all that we mean of best when we say American, than ever before. Eastman Johnson, and Griswold, and the Hills, and Charles Moore, and Furness, and Farrer, are of to-day and of here, not of yesterday and Italy. And the older men, the very ones who grumble at the advent of these strange faces, how un-American they were, and are! How seldom their work tastes of the soil! How they paint Italy, Italy, Italy, and classic phantasms, and seem to shun the common as if it were unclean, the homely as if it were and must be low!

We don't in the least doubt that these works are influencing us—both the artists and the public—but it is in a good way. It is a little sad, sometimes, to see poor, feeble, slovenly pictures, hung for sale on the walls of public galleries by the side of these noble guests of ours, creep away to some remoter place where ignorance and inexperience may perhaps think their defects beauties, so that out of the splendor of that dazzling neighborhood they may be bought by some one who has not seen the masterpieces. But the painter, if he be earnest, and modest, and faithful, will not be hurt by the experience; he will be roused to new effort, he will aspire to new excellence, and the lance that wounded him will cure him, as that Achillean one did Telephus of old.

In Memory of

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

——"His mute dust
We honor, and his living worth;
A man more pure and bold and just,
Was never born into the earth.

Sleep sweetly, tender heart, in peace:
Sleep, holy spirit, blessed soul,
While the stars burn, the moons increase,
And the great ages onward roll."